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H Y M N
T O 1103. 1. 55
P E A C E.

Occasion'd, by the two Houses Join-
ing in One ADDRESS to the
QUEEN.

A scandalous abusive thing on y^e Chascha.

BY THE
Author of the *True-born English-Man.*

L O N D O N:

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H Y M N

P E A C E

Occasioned by the two Houses joining
the in 1794 Address to the

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A
H Y M N
T O
P E A C E.

HAIL Image, of th' Eternal Mind,
The only perfect Blessing of Mankind;
Thou Emblem of the Sacred Rest,
And surest Pledge, it shall be once possess'd ;
Where e're thou dwellest, 'tis always Calm and Clear,
Bright like thy Glorious self and Fair :

No Clouds thy Heavenly Climates know,
Thou find'st it all Serene, or make'st it so:

B 2

If

If Nations thou, or Souls hast once possess'd,
 From all their Broils and Burthens they'r releas'd,
 All Humane Happiness attends on thee,
 In Gaol thou sets the Pris'ner Free,
 If thou Unlock'st the Fetters of the Mind,
 In spight of Bars and Bolts 'tis unconfin'd.

Tell us, bright Nymph, by what strange Art,
 Thou fan'st the heated Souls of Men Oppress'd ;
 Cool'st all the Fury of the Heart,
 And guid'st the Mind to Light and Rest ?

Tell us, Great Interposing Something, how,
 To thy Great Influence, all the Passions bow ;
 How thou deny'st the Gust of sweet Revenge,
 Can'st all to Calms and Softness change ?
 In the least Moment act thy part,
 And look up all the *Lab'rins* of the Heart ?
 Fill'd with just Rage, the Furious Sp'rits take Arms,
 When Injury and Power to hurt Combine,

What

What Mind can once resist th' Unhappy Charms,
Where wish'd Revenge, with wish'd Occasion join.

When the Exasperated Passions rage,
And all the Man against himself Engage;
The Mighty Tempests rise within,
And strong Convulsions, act the swelling Spleen.
When Fury leads him to the Fatal Brink,
Thou turn'st him round but once, and mak'st him think;
The Ungovern'd Wretch in Arms appears,
Against his Eyes, against his Ears;
Judges of nothing, Scorns his Sence,
Lampoons his Nature, Bullies Providence;
Headlong he seeks to give his Fury vent,
Bursting with Rage, and swell'd with Discontent.

Then thy soft showers distill upon the Soul,
And all the Frenzy of the Mind controul;
Reduce the Wretch, by Rage and Passions blind,
To Exercise the Opticks of his Mind;

Thy

Thy Balmy Dews, the Raging Storms restrain,
 And Cool the Fermentations of his Brain ;
 Assisting Reason in her just Defence,
 And Hand in Hand, Conduct him to his Sense ;
 Disperses all the Vapours that remain,
 Brings him to act, and so restores the Man.

Touch'd with thy Scepters Golden point,
 The Hypochondraick Poisons lose their Taint;
 Th' Infecting Venome of inflam'd desire,
 Flows back, and of it self puts out the Fire :
 The Soul returns to Rectitude, and shows,
 That Heaven within, from whence that Influence flows.
 Blest Peace ! May every Soul that knows thy Name,
 Fan thy just Fires and keep alive the Flame ;
 So their due Homage, to thy Blessing pay,
 So banish Storms, and banish Crimes away.

Hail, Virgin Peace, thou Branch of Innocence,
 How art thou sunk in early Crimes of Men,

How

How hard to be restor'd again,
And only art obtain'd in Penitence.

Thou bright *Effluvium*, of the Heavenly Ray,
Great Emanation, from Eternal Day ;
The Guilty only from thee run,
Like Storms and Darkneſs from the Sun ;
Darkneſs and Storms, with Guilty pace,
Flee from the Glorious Luſtre of thy Face,
And Hell it ſelf's Enrag'd to know,
Thy Abſence helps to make her ſo.

When Men by Pride, and wild Ambition led,
For wild Ambition, oft diſtracts the Head ;
Contend for Trifles, and make War,
To be leſs Happy than they are.
When thus againſt their Native Happineſs,
They Fight with *Plenty*, and fall out with *Peace* ;

How

How soon does War, its vile Effects Explain,
 And his own Miseries inform the Man ;
 Damn'd to Repentance, and his Fate
 Show's him his Follies, but too late.
 With Crowds of consequential Harms Oppress'd,
 He Learns the Sweetness of unvalu'd Rest,
 But Learns it at a price so Dear,
 As makes his Early Follies soon appear :

Both sides well Beaten, call for Peace,
 And find too late their Happiness.
 Their Mutual Mischiefs, Mutual Wits restore,
 And show them both, that both were Fools before ;
 Then, *Goddeſs*, to thy Courts they sue,
 With Penitence, most likely to be true,
 For none Repent, like those that feel,
 The Smart of doing Ill.

Blest *Peace* ! when Heaven, for Crimes of Guilty Men
 Commands thy Absence, whether do Nations run !

King-

Kingdoms in Tumults, and Confusions Dye,
And sink in *Undirected Anarchy*.

Societies with Justice cease,
For what's our Property, without our Peace?
Contentions all Prosperity invade,
Like two fixt Stocks, to one *East-India* Trade;
Both Languish, while they strive and Fight,
And both Succeed, when they Unite.

Not Heaven it self, could Strife of Parties bear,
The first Attempt Un-Angel'd *Lucifer*;
The Mighty Seraph from his Glory fell,
And want of P E A C E made up his Hell.
That was the Fire and Brimstone of the Place,
No Thoughts can form a more Distracted Case;
Not Devils feel worse Punishment,
Nor Words more Terror represent.
Nature in no worse Figure can appear,
'Tis more than Natures self can bear;

Debate no more the Place of Woe,
 'Tis Myſt'ry all, and beſt it ſhould be ſo.
 Tell me no more of wild Philoſophy,
 Where weak Aſpiring Nature ſoars too high;
 Which Handmaid Senſe, bewilders and Confounds;
 With Reaſons ill adapted Tools:
 Attempts to ſquare th' Extent of Souls,
 As Men mark Lands, by Butts and Bounds.

Wou'd the Great *Be*, and *not to Be* Divide,
 And all the Doubts of *Entity* decide;
 The mighty Maze of *Wondrous Nothing* Tread,
 And form the Wild Ideas in his Head:
 Wou'd fathom *Chaos*, Life and Sp'rit diſſect,
 And all Superiour Light reject.

Scorn the mean Helps of Speculations,
 And bring down God himſelf to Demonſtrations.

The two Great Ends of Nature twine,
 And Generation to Corruption join;

[11]

Cast up the Hours beyond *the Death of Time*,
 And make the Humane comprehend Sublime;
 Delineate Heaven, the Hills of Glory show,
 And all the Vales of Darkness stretch'd below:
 Describe the Depth of these, of those the Height,
 Give *the Square-Root* of Infinite;
 Unlock the Chain of Cause and Consequence,
 Dismiss Almighty Providence;
 The Bounds of Bright Eternal Day descry,
 And form a Mathematical Eternity.

'Tis all in Vain, too short the Reach of Sense,
 T' Embrace the high Dimensions of th' Immense:
 No Rules can square, what we call GOD,
 No Geography describe the *Dark* abode.

Bow, Mighty Reason, to thy Maker's Name,
 For GOD and PEACE, are just the same;

Heaven is the Emanation of his Face,
And *want of Peace*, makes *Hell* in every place.

Tell us, ye Men of Notion, tell us why,
You seek for Bliss and wild Prosperity,
In Storms and Tempests, Feuds and War,
Is Happiness to be expected there?

Tell us what sort of Happiness,
Can Men in want of Peace possess?

Blest Charm of *Peace*, how sweet are all those hours,
We spend in thy Society!
Afflictions lose their Acid Powers,
And turn to Joys when join'd to thee.
The Darkest Article of Life with *Peace*,
Is but the Gate of Happiness;
Death in its blackest shapes can never fright,
Thou can'st see Day, beyond his Night;
The Smile of *Peace*, can Calm the Frown of Fate,
And, spight of Death, can Life Anticipate;

Nay,

Nay, Hell it self, could it admit of Peace,
 Would change its Nature, and its Name would cease.
 The Bright Transforming Blessing would Destroy
 The Life of Death, and Damn the Place to Joy;
 'The *Metamorphosis*, would be so strange,
 Twould fright the Devils, and make them blest the Change
 Or else the Brightness would be so intense,
 They'd shun the Light, and flye from thence.

Let Heaven, that Unknown Happiness,
 Be what it will, 'tis best describ'd by Peace.
 No Storms without, or Storms within;
 No Fear, no Danger there, because no Sin:
 'Tis bright Essential Happiness,
 Because He dwells within, whose Name is P E A C E.

Who would not Sacrifice for thee,
 All that Men call Felicity!
 Since Happiness, is but an empty Name;
 A Vapour without Heat or Flame;

But

But what from thy Original derives,
And Dyes with thee by whom it Lives.

When Kingdoms to the Laws of Peace submit,
What mighty Blessings crowd about her Seat!
Under the Ministry of Peace,
How soon will all a Nations Mischiefs cease!
How soon the Mighty Scepter in her Hand,
Scatters the Plagues and Sorrows of a Land!
From her Bright Face how soon,
Will all Oppressions, and Injustice run!
The Plots and Parties of a State,
In her Bright Book may quickly read their Fate;
Nations and Men, when to their Sense restor'd,
Will set the Scepter up to Rule the Sword.

Even Hypocrites, to thee pay Sacrifice,
Borrow thy Name for their Disguise;
By thee conceal the Seeds of Strife,
And Sanctify the Villanies of Life.

Thou

Thou art the Great Pretence of War,
 When Tyrants in thy Robes appear,
 When Kings by Lust of Rule, and Power misled,
 Pamper'd by Providence and over fed;
 Fall out for Power to Oppress,
 And then pretend 'tis all for P E A C E.

Ambition, that Old Painted Whore of State,
 That she may look as Fair as Great;
 Wears thy Old Cloaths, and in that Gawdy Dress,
 With Ease obtains the Name of PEACE.
 Cloath'd in thy Robes, how Fair she looks and Bright,
 And shines Delusive Beams of borrow'd Light.
 Makes Guilded Injury appear,
 With Charms of Right, and Sanctifies the War;
 As Princes, when they weaker Powers Oppress,
 First give them *Poverty*, then call it PEACE.

War, Devastation, Violence, and Blood,
 As Guilty Men would have them understood;

All

All in their turn pretend to *Peace*,
 And Cry out Property, when they Oppress;
 Chast Nymph, how is thy Name Prophan'd,
 When Villains *tack thee* to their wild Designs;
 Till the Unnatural End's obtain'd,
 And time the Mighty Fraud Explains!

In strong Alliance, see the World Combin'd.
 To Injury and Wrong enclin'd,
 The Embattl'd Squadrons, spread the Field of War,
 The Plunder'd Towns in Flames appear;
 The General Ruine like a Flood,
 Condemns the Ravag'd Plains, to Barrenness and Blood;
 The Royal Firebrands o' th' World appear,
 And Plead the Conscientious Cause of War,
 Blast Nations with their wild Success,
 And still pretend 'tis all for P E A C E.

In Ecclesiastick Quarrels 'tis the same,
 Where *Hierarchy's* the thing, and PEACE the Name;

The

Th' Enthusiaſtick Errors Mad Men broach,
 All Cry the Peace and Union of the Church.
 The mighty Cheat's in ſtrong Deluſions dreſt,
 And Peace becomes the Church's Jeſt ;
 The Holy Varniſh colours the Deceit,
 And *High-Church Projects* work beneath the ſacred Cheat.
 Thus all the Tyranny of Priests,
 Cover'd with Clouds, and Eccleſiaſtick Miſts,
 In Zealous Masks for Conſcience ſake oppreſs,
 And damn Mens Souls to purchaſe Peace.

 If Reaſon prompts an injur'd Land,
 To take their due Defence in hand ;
 If Nations fly to Nature's Laws,
 Howe'er provok'd, or whatſoe'er the Cauſe :
 Wild Power dreſt up like Juſtice takes the Sword,
 Oppreſſion's the Deſign, and *Peace* the Word ;
 The Innocent, as for Rebellion, dye,
 The double Mask deceives the Eye :

Nations deluded hunt an Empty Name,
 Abus'd by Custom, and debauch'd by Fame,
 Nature's brought in a Rebel t' her own Laws,
 And floops to wild Pretence instead of Cause.

Yet Peace is still the same, the Chaste, the Fair,
 Her Native Beauties will appear :
 In spight of Clouds and Counterfeits, her Name
 Breaks thro' the Cheat, and well secures her Fame ;
 ▽ Where-e'er her Balmy Couch is spread,
 Where-e'er She makes her Flow'ry Bed,
Plenty, her Handmaid, brings her Clusters in
 The Grateful Tribute of the Vine :
Ceres brings loaden Sheaves, and *Neptune* Fleets,
 And Foreign Wealth, with Native meets :
 Celestial Odours crown her Spicy Bed,
 And Rays of Goodness shine about her Head.
 Th' Obsequious Seasons at her Elbow stand,
 And Streams of Fulness flow from either Hand.

Th' Enlivening Sun-beams join their chearful Aid,
And wanton Nature sports beneath her Shade.

Blest *Peace*, the highest Treasure Men possess,
How happy are the Nations Thou wilt bless!

How doubly Curs'd, if that can be,
And Blind to his own Happiness, is He;
That courts Eternal Feuds, and loves to Jar;
That sucks in Native Strife, and feeds on War;
That covets Storms, and seeks to live in Flames,
And shuns the gilded Streams;
The Gentle Calms of thy Pacifick Sea,
Where all's Delight and Harmony!

Next Her, the very Image of her Face,
Her Sister UNION takes her Place;
Twin-births of *Wisdom*, He the ^{Child} ~~Son~~ of Time,
Of Genealogy Sublime:
God-like the Race, and of Inlightned Birth,
And rarely, *very rarely* found on Earth.

The Genial Flame from Heaven impregnate stands,
 And all the Kinds of Happiness commands ;
 No Song their Lustre can rehearse,
 When hand in hand they gild the Universe :
 They make the Meanest Actions shine,
 And *Humane* Wisdom seems *Divine*.

When struggling with the Lusts and Pride of Men,
Peace strives to bless a Land in vain ;
 But, crush'd with Clamour and Ungovern'd Rage,
 She quits th' Embarrass'd Stage :
 When War prevails, *that Frenzy of the Mind*,
 That *General Lunacy* of all Mankind ;
 When thus the *Bloody Scenes* are drawn,
 And all *Restraints* are gone ;
Reason and *Justice* quit the Stage,
 And Sense it self submits to *Tyrant Rage* ;
 Her Sister *Union* turns the happy Scale,
 'Tis whom she pleases shall prevail ;

She

She only can the Strife decide,
And *bypass* Victory to the *Weakest* Side.

UNION is Nature's strong Cement,
The *Life* of Power, and *Soul* of Government :
Without it, all the World's a Mob ;
Confusion's Universal Monarch of the Globe ;
Armies are *Crowds* of *Lunatics* got loose,
Whose Power for want of Reason's out of Use ;
Meer Hoords of *Tartars*, Wild and Rude,
Dissolv'd in Mother Multitude.

Even Government it self must Dye,
In Wild Uncultivated Anarchy ;
The Bond dissolves, *what should the Parts retain?*
When once the UNION of the whole's Destroy'd ;
The Engine's useless, all the Parts remain,
Like *Native Chaos*, Vast and Void.
Union's, the Mighty Guide of Humane things,
The Bond of Nations, and the Power of *Kings*.

Crowns

Crowns *without thee* fit loose, and Tottering show,
 To what strange Influence *they* their Safety owe ;
 The High Precarious Gilded Trifles stand,
 Subject to *every Tumults* Vile Command :
 The Dang'rous Precipice of Discord lies,
 The Gulph of Princes, and of Monarchy's ;
 The Ill supported State of Humane Power,
 Destroys it self, and *must it self* Devour.
Union once broke, the Power Dissolves of Course,
 And Laws, and Constitutions lose their force.

CHAOS *Succeeds on either hand*,
 None can Obey, and none Command ;
 The Fate of Government must soon appear,
 Rabble will Govern *here*, or Tyrants *there*.

Bright Charming Sisters, *whither are you Fled?*
 Where is your Bright Pavilion spread ?
 What *Halcyon* Climates close your blest Abodes ?
 If 'tis with Men, *you make those Men like Gods !*
There

There be my Portion, with what-e're Mischance,
 No Ills can Countervail the Difference,
 No Ills can reach the Mind, that PEACE secures,
 Unmov'd, he Fortunes Storms endures.
 And Fortune's Storms *They shall endure*, that place
 In thy blest'd Smiles their Happiness :
 Peace, while eclips'd with Fear and Doubt,
 They that have *most* within, have *least* without.

Of all thy blest'd admiring Train,
 'Tis hard *that I alone* should wish in Vain!
 That *I at Distance* view thy Shade ;
 Am *Lean with Expectation* made !
 When to the World thou mak'st a short Return,
 Me Onely thou hast seem'd to *shun* !
 Me thou re-visit'st not ; but Storms of Men,
 Voracious and Unsatisfy'd as *Death*,
 Spoil in their *Hands*, and *Poison* in the *Breath*,

With

With Rage of Devils *hunt me down*,
And to *abate my Peace*, *Destroy* their *own*.

Affassins, Men of Fire and Blood,
And that *worst Murther*, Slander and Reproach,
Ages of Time my Soul has stood
The bitter Blasts and Rage of such;
Untainted yet with Vice, at War with *Crime*,
My strong *Appeal's* to *Truth*, to *Heaven*, and *Time*.

Besieg'd by Men of Cruelty *and Law*,
Who Kill by Rules, and call it just,
Who Right with Cords of Int'rest draw,
Till Justice is with Humane Rage oppress'd :
That bind the Hands from Industry,
Pinion the willing Wings, and bid Men fly.

These, like the *Hussars* on the *Rhine*,
Whose Plund'rings are *Compassions* all to mine ;

Ravage

*Ravage the Villages, lay wast the Land,
And still their Contributions they Demand;
So first they rifle me the shortest Way,
And when they've stript me Naked, bid me Pay!*

In all their *Fury, Rage and Heat,*
My *Morning Vows*, even for them I make.
I neither seek nor wish their Fate,
Within my self, I find a safe Retreat;
And PEACE, no Power of Hell can shake.

In forty Gaols, this *Halycon Beam* will shine,
The Malice shall be theirs, *the Peace be mine.*

'Tis Vain to Conquer me by Fear,
I scorn the Baseness of Despair;
Brought up in *Teaching Sorrows*——School,
In Peace and Patience, I possess my Soul;
Am Master of my Mind,
And there the HEAVEN of Satisfaction find.

D

Let

Let them Ten thousand barb'rous Methods try,
When they'll no longer let me live, *I'LL DYE*;
Of all their Fury I shall have
An Uncontested Conquest in the Grave.

Till then, blest Angel of Eternal Light,
Soft Peace, be thou the Day's Delight,
Be thou *my Solace* in the Night :
'Tis *Thou alone* inspir'ft my Pen,
And calm'ft my Soul, and keep'ft it smooth within ;
Witness the *DAILY TRIBUTE* that I pay,
Witness *this very HYMN* to Thee.

The *Noisie World* distracts my Head no more,
Than Raging Billows shake the Shore ;
The *Foam* and *Froth* they leave behind,
Tell us there have been *Waves* and *Winds* -
But the *Eternal Bound* remains the same,
Fixt by th' *Eternal Voice*, and like his Name :

Unmov'd,

Unmov'd, it all their Watry Rage defies,
 And sends them back to quarrel with the Air;
 So I the Rage of Men despise,
 Unmov'd by Desperation, or by Fears

Firm as the Rocks, in rowling Seas abide,
 When Floods of Doubts, and Dangers pass beside:
 When Griefs Assault me, or when Comfort flows,
 I'm Undepress'd by these, Unrais'd by those;
 Mischance can find no Footing to begin,
 I'm Calm without, because I'm Clear within.

Enquiring Poet, search among the Dead;
 'Tis thither, PEACE, and UNION fled;
 However Rivall'd here, they're sure to have,
 An Uncontroul'd Dominion in the Grave,
 There all the Parties will Unite;
 No more for Air, and Shadows Fight,
 Enlighten'd by the Change of Scenes they see,
 Through all our Politick Hypocrisie.

All the Religious Shams we make,
 Wen we the Nations PEACE, for Trifles break;
 Naked and bare Pretences *there* are seen,
 The empty Shams, of *Weak Wise Men*.

No Mists of State, can Cloud *those Skies*,
Souls see without the Agency of Eyes:
Mediums and *Hieroglyphick Nature* cease,
 And all Men know, what *all will not possess*.
 The Vails of *thin Mortality* withdrawn,
 A Bright Eternal Day begins to Dawn.

A different Face of things appears in View,
 And all *False Glimmering Lights*, give way to True;
Actions of Men, howe're Conceal'd, must there,
 In all their Native Nudities appear.

There Hypocrites will freely cease,
 To watch for Blood, and Cant of Peace.

Unhappy ENGLAND! How from thee,
 Do Crowds of Blinded Fools, go there to see;

That

That Wedded to their Follies, part from hence,
Under *the Strong Invasions* of their Sence.

Hag-rid by Party Prejudice,
And prompted to depend on Lies ;
Are sent to Graves and Darkness for their Eyes :
Cou'd they return from *that Dark shore*,
And talk of what they *Acted here* before,
They'd be like Men, from *Holland* lately come,
They that go *High Church Out*, come *Low Church Home* !

There *Corion's* Picture, will at large be shown,
Who Swears by *forty Gods*, believes in *none* ;
And all *his Cants* of Liberty and Church,
Detected by himself, himself Reproach.
L——ly Unmask'd *there*, in his Native Dress,
Does what *he is* appear, not *what he does* Profess ;
There they the strange *Ænigma's* understand,
That *Harrass* this Divided Land.
It must be as Ridiculous as plain,
And Mists of Parties interpose in Vain.

What

What *L--ly means*, when he *pretends*,
 First to *Disown* the Church that he *defends*?
 And how he'd have that Meaning known,
 When *he defends* the Church that *he'll disown*.

Was ever Nation mock'd with *Peace* like this?
 Peace both our Happiness, and *our Disease*!
 All Men the mighty Benefit pretend,
 And those that mock the *Means*, will bless the *End*,
Unhappy Englishmen! at last be Wise,
 No more your proper Happiness despise;
 No more be *led by Knaves* in Fools Disguise:
 Summon your Reason in to be your Guide,
 Or let your Sense the Mighty Cause decide.

Can Persecution bring forth Peace?
 And Miseries be *tack'd* to Happiness?
 Blaspheme no more the Light of Common Sence,
 Nor let your Actions clash with Providence;
 For Consequence will always *Cause obey*,
 And guide the World, as *Light* directs the Eye.

Confusions never fail to plague a Land,
Where wild Precipitations go before ;
Nature and *Providence* go hand in hand,
And *This* permits, what *That* does first procure.

Blest Article of Humane Good,
How wilt thou have thy Name be understood ?
Unmask the Noisie Clamours of the Age,
And shew thy *Dazling Face* upon Our Stage.
How would our Hypocrites avoid thy Face !
Purple and *Scarlet* quit the Place !
How void would be the *Pulpit*, *Bench*, and *Bar*,
Where all *thy Mimicks* now appear !
How would they blush, when thy blest Face they see,
Withdraw their awkward Pageanty ;
Pay their Just Debt *to Guilt* in *Shame*,
And give due Homage *to thy Rev'rend Name* !

In every Province of this Land,
 Heaven stop in Mercy his Revenging Hand!
 What Monsters *THY COMMISSION* bear!
 In *Thy Defence* and Name, what *R-kes* appear!
 That act the *Mountebank of State*,
 And mock the Name of *Magistrate*!
 Cover the *Bench* with Frauds and Vice,
 With boasted Bribes, and Partialities.
 See the *Illiterate Wretch* enrob'd with Power,
 The poor Man's Property devour;
 Debauch'd with Pride, and *wife by Chance*,
 He boasts of *Gravity* and *Ignorance*.
 Eternal Violence adorns his Gate,
 The Motto of the *Barren Magistrate*;
 Yet when by Law he studies to oppress,
 He's call'd a *Justice of the Peace*.

Thee Momus, Patron of the half-taught Race,
 To our Surprise, and thy Disgrace;

What

What Rabble hast thou cloath'd with Power and Law,

To keep *Inferiour K——s* in Awe !

Exalting Fools to make the Nations Wife,

And hoodwink Justice with the vile Disguise.

Momus *makes Justices*, and lifts the Band,

That should reform the vicious Land ;

And from the *huge Bordelloes of the Nation*,

Sets *Humane Devils* up for Reformation.

Were all the Rabble of his Magistrates,

Upon the *Stage of Shame* to take their Seats ;

Never was such a *Cavalcade* of Sin,

So Grave *without*, so Black *within* :

Never was *Peace* buffoon'd at such a rate,

Or *Crime* so courted by the Magistrate.

See, sleepy *Momus*, see thy chosen Race,

Hell in the *Heart*, and Justice in the *Face* !

The Countrey's Scandal, and thy Shame,

Lewd in their Manners, *Vile* in Name.

In *Aspect* *Grave*, and *Dissolute* in *Life*,

Correct the Husband, and *debauch* the Wife.

Never was Bench of Justice so supply'd,

And Peace by *her own Sons* defy'd!

With *Beaus* and *Boys*, with *Bullies* and *Buffoons*!

Just so the *French* reform by their *Dragoons*.

Momus in strict *Confed'racy* with *Crime*,

Too plain his Project, and *too long* his Time;

With sublimated *Spleen*, and *Party-Strife*,

Debauch'd in *Politicks*, but *Grave* in *Life*,

The *Bench*, the *Pulpit*, and the *Bar*,

Supplies with *High Church* Sons of War:

The *Party*, not the *Manners*, he enquires,

And thus he kindles *High Church* Fires.

W—h now no more shall modest Men alarm,
Debauch'd by Custom, when he thinks no Harm;

Ancient in *Vice*, and *Innocent* in *Crime*,

And quite worn out with *Sin* and *Time*.

Be Hell-born *Ch* ———s now the the Satyr's Mark,
 That swears by Day-light, murders in the dark ;
 Supplies his Want of Vice by want of Wit,
 And boasts of Crimes he never could commit ;
 That Balances his old Accounts with Hell,
 With L----s that no Man *but himself* can tell ;
Tangier, the *Guards*, and thirty Years Debauch,
 Compleated him a Champion of *the Church* ;
 Pray for that Town, *Good People*, whose Consent,
 Allow'd his Vices, their's should Represent,
 And strove to send the Wretch to Parliament.

Could stupid *Momus* find no Wretch but this,
 To Bully Justice on a Bench of Peace.
 Our harden'd Sinners are but Fools to him,
 He lives up to *the Dignity of Crime*,
Bawdy and *Blasphemy* supply his Tongue,
 Hurry the Vile Distemper'd Wretch along ;
 To Villanies of such Uncommon size,
 Makes Nature blush, and fill ^{*with*} Men Surprize.

And should he thirty Years Command the PEACE,
 Our Verse secures him this one Happiness;
 The harden'd, Self-condemn'd, *abandon'd Elf*,
 Shall never *Punish V——n* like himself.

Such, *Momus*, is thy Chequer-Work, and Art,
 So hast thou Spangl'd every part,
 Such Prodigies of Crime possess,
 The high *Deputed Government* of P E A C E.
Momus himself can never Name,
 Tho' Sleepy *Momus* does not know,
 Whether he can or no,
 In *forty Justices*, one Man of Common Fame.

Some are so Scandalous in Lives,
 Their Hist'ry has *no Negatives* :
 Here from the *Bawdy-House*, to th' Bench they go,
 And Fine the W——s, they first *made so*.
 There *W——field* Justices, at Sessions meet,
 Sit Drinking o're the Judgment Seat,

Till *Country Squire* gets too Drunk to pay,
Then Bilks the House, and *Quorum* sneaks away.

These *Momus*, are thy Blest Reforming Crew,
For whose Advancement all the Whigs withdrew;
And you with *hard Mouth'd Wretches*, fill their Places,
That Swear by *Pistol-Light* to Faces,
That Forge and Bribe, and Perjure all Mankind,
To carry on the Mischief they design'd.

Yet, *Momus*, all things answer not thy End,
In *B---gate's* part, the Devil was not thy Friend;
Satyr, must *B---gate's* Modesty Protect,
Who knew himself too Drunk to act;
He blush'd to Execute the vast Extent
Of Power, that *Momus* never blush'd to Grant;
'Tis hard his Drink shou'd Sence refine,
But see *the Modesty of Wine*;
B---gate, the first Converting Church Dragoon,
First mounts his Horse, to pull Dissenters down;

The

See him into the Assembly Ride,
 The Justice tell the Priest *he Ly'd.*
 The Language like the Posture very Wise,
 Just as he acted PEACE, in *Grave Disguise.*

He knows his Name's too Scandalous, to bear,
 That Badge of Justice, *which he ought to fear;*
 He can't Conform his Vicious Will,
 T' exert *that Whip,* he knows he *ought to feel;*
 Some Men have Modesty in Vice,
 And he's a Fool indeed, that's never Wife.

But we'll no more the Catalogue Survey,
Momus himself, has led the way :
 May the BLACK LIST, of his Infernal Troop,
 Like him to Wiser Agents stoop.
 The blushing Nation long has seem'd to wait,
 When Guilt should make him Abdicate;
 That meaner Men of Justice, may take Place,
 That have it *more in Head,* and *less in Face.*

Nor

Nor shall our Verse, examine here the Lists,
 Of his Exalted *Modern-Priests* ;
 How like the rest, in Morals and in Sence,
 And how by sadder Consequence :
 Religion Languishes, and Justice Dyes,
 O're run with Vice, and Immoralities ;
 How Sacred Oracles Decay,
 And Vice pulls Down the Church *the shortest way*.

Tell us no more of Crown and Church,
 No more our Loyalty Reproach :
 The Men of God pull Down your Fabrick more,
 Than all the Sons of Hell, that went before :

When Law's with Ignorance o're run,
 And Justice Dyes, *the State's undone* ;
 When Sacred Vestments, Sacred Villains hide,
 And Crime's by Habit Sanctifi'd.

Religion Prostitute the Text Prophan'd,
 Good God, how can we think the Church shou'd stand !
 These

These her Foundations Undermine,
 And then to hide the Vile Design ;
 The Innocent in Ruder Terms Reproach,
 And Cry the Danger of the Church !

Nor let our Charity be Censur'd here,
 Because we Crowds of Characters forbear.
 The Bead-Roll of whose Crimes would show,
 Too black for our Posterity to know ;
 And are conceal'd in meer Compassion,
 Not to themselves alone, but all the Nation ;
 That Foreign Count ries may not see,
 Our Ecclesiastick *Nudity* ;
 And it become a New Proverbial Jest,
To be as Wicked, as an English Priest.

And yet our Lines must to our selves be Just,
 Some Crimes may not be told, but others must ;
 When Men cannot their own Disgrace with-hold,
 What cannot be avoided, must be Told :

Blush

Blush, Readers, for a bleeding Nation's Fate,
 When we the Name of *A* — *ee* relate ;
 A modest Pen can hardly bear to write,
 The Crimes he never blushes to commit.
 'Tis hard when Men run up to such a Height,
 What Poets would conceal, themselves will write :
 Their Actions such a Vein of Crime contain,
 'Tis their own Satyr, and they're spar'd in vain.

And should I this one Character forbear,
 The Stones themselves the horrid Facts would speak,
 How he with Hypocritick Pray'r,
 His Peoples Sundays Blessing can prepare,
 And damns them all the Week.

Cover'd with Sacred Robes, he's White and Clean
 But, black with Slander, 's all debauch'd within ;
 Yet, lest the Church's Cause should sink,
 He dares to tread on the Commandments Brink ;
 Usurps upon the Keeper of the Fold,
 And swears his Curacy's a good Freehold.

F

And

And yet this Wretch with horrid Front pretends,
 To rank himself among the Church's Friends.
 Scandal to all Religions! Were the Church
 Once freed from that too just Reproach;
 That she does not such Sons of Crime expel,
 She'd stand in Spight of all the Gates of Hell.

Was ever Nation thus Buffoon'd,
 By her own Teachers she's Lampoon'd.
 Ye Hypocrites! If you can understand,
 Reform your Clergy, and your Church will stand.
 Vice is the Church's Danger and Disease.

'Tis Crime alone destroys her Peace;
 'Tis Crime lets Error in, and Error Strife,
 Youl'd soon reform her Doctrine in her Life.
 If you would then the Church's Fame restore,
 Give her but Peace she asks no more:
 Peace would turn all her Men of Scandal out,
 Tell me the Church that ever stood without!

'Tis

'Tis done! Heaven said Amen, the mighty Blow

Was heard *where Discord reigns* below.

Th' August Assemblies Hand in Hand proclaim

Their Homage P E A C E to thy Eternal Fame;

With Joynt Assent approach the Throne,

Such Thunder needs must strike the *Hydra* down,

To think *their High Allies* had lost the Day,

And must to *hated* P E A C E give way.

Hell trembled when the weighty News came down,

It shook the *Black Imperial Throne*;

It struck the *fallen Seraph* with Surprise,

He knew the Dying Party ne'er could rise.

When to his Oracle *their Crouds* repair,

The best Advice he gives them is, *Despair*.

He spoke, and all his Party has obey'd,

Some Trifling Hopes indeed their Fear delay'd;

But when *Britannia's* Sons address'd their Queen,

Despair, that Mark of Hell, was plainly seen;

Pale with the Anguish of their Minds,
 Their Envy no Emission finds ;
 But dumb with Rage, they view the Hated P E A C E,
 That fixes *England's* Happiness.
 Pity their weaken'd Rage, and take some Care,
 Watch 'em, *Good People* all, left in Despair
 They obey the Dev'l, and hang themselves for Fear.

'Tis done! Bright P E A C E has got the Day ;
 The Mists of Parties flee away.
 The Dazling Beams of Heavenly Glory shine,
Immortal P E A C E, the Victory's fairly thine.
 Where are those Sons of *Belial*, bring them down,
 That grudg'd th' Angelick Saint her Crown?
 That boldly said she should not Reign,
 Satyr — produce them, *let them all be slain*.
 Let all those *Sons of God* and Men appear,
 Who Levied first *this High Church War*.
 Let them the *wondrous Declaration* read,
 That struck their *Hydra* thro' his *Hundredth Head*.

Let

Let them their *Pulpit-Ecchoes* contradict,
 'Twas *there* they did just P E A C E reject.
 'Twas *there* that *Noise of Nothing* first they broach'd,
 Their Country and their Queen reproach'd ;
 Frighted our Children with the uncouth Cry
 Of *Danger to the Church* and Monarchy.
 Alarm'd the Nation, rous'd *Britannia's* Sons,
 Each Hero to the Place of Hazard runs ;
 But to their Joy surpriz'd no less,
 They found 'twas all in *Perfect* P E A C E.
 Safety and P E A C E in thriving Posture grow,
 And none saw Danger here, but those that wish'd it so.

Let all those *Mountebanks of State*
 Receive, for P E A C E is *Death to them*, their Fate.
 Let all the Healing Breezes of *thy* Air,
 Stagnate their Hopes of *Party-War*.
 Let Men of Strife and Chagrin feel within
 The strong Convulsions of *Expiring Sin*.

The

The Nation *felt it* like a Man possess'd,
And strong *Exorcisms* dislodge the *Dreadful Guest*.

The Struggles of Departing Feud
Will make perhaps *some Ravings* in the Blood,
Which vented *at the Tongue* with Rage and Pain,
May cause *long Speeches* to be made in vain.

'Tis but the Pangs of their *Departing Breath*,
Are there no Thunders, Tremblings of the Earth,
Day-Stars, and *Comets* to presage?
Horror oft stirs when Devils quit the Stage.

All's vanish'd here, the *Fiends withdrew*,
Their Party-struggles *mean and few*.
Some small *Vulcano's* belch'd their *Stench and Fire*,
But 'twas *en passant*, f—t, and so expire.

Like Meteors in the Air that flie,
As soon as they're Inflam'd *they die*;
Or Guns, where soon as Air has vent,
Just as the Noise is made, 'tis spent;

So had our Clamours at th' Approach of P E A C E,
Just Life enough to hiss, and *then de cease*.

They're Dead! The blazing Aspect of thy Face,
IMMORTAL P E A C E, has clear'd the Place.

See daily how *their Fugitives* come in,
And Crouds of Captives bow before *Thy Queen*;

The Leaders own the fair Defeat,
And all their *Bubl'd Votaries* submit;
Pride boils in some, and makes them scorn to yield,

But Shame has bid them quit the Field,
Submit to unexpected Fate,
And own their Party-Fortunes *Desperate*;

Nor is this all, *Misfortune's ne'er alone*,
Now they're in Danger to be quite undone,
The Circumstance is very Dark,

They cannot bite and *must not bark*;

Or if they do, 'tis *Frenzy* all, and *Feud*,
And is but laught at *by the Multitude*.

Hard Fate of Madmen, that when they're in Pain,
No Men regard when they Complain.

Thus

Thus Feud and Party-Strife suppress'd and dead,
 Millions of Mischiefs with them fled.
 Envy with Teeming Prospects swell'd, and big,
 Does now the Grave of her own Off spring dig.
Abortive Projects daily come,
 The *Nauseous Froth* of her Miscarrying Womb;
Like Monsters by their Parents Hands they die,
 And P E A C E does calmly all their Rage defie.

What *wild Effort*? What strange *Delirious* Dreams?
 What undigested half-drawn *Schemes*?
 What Inconsistent unsubsisting *Thought*
 Have they from *unperforming Envy* brought?
 What *Brainless unconcocted things* proceed,
 Th' Effects of *Windmills in the Head*?
 What Engines without Form or Shape
 The Great *Machine of Government* to ape?
 What Shifts, what Shams, what artless *T*^{urn}~~ones~~ of State,
 That *hasten* rather than *prevent* their Fate?

Have

Have all our *Men of Speeches* try'd
Before their *sick'ning Party* dy'd ?

Was ever *Head* with Brain and Learning *stor'd*,
That did of old such wondrous things afford ?

At one half Turn *so gravely mad* !
So many mean Incongruous *Nothings* said :
How weak are all Disguises to conceal,
That Folly which *its own Defects* reveal !

Nonsense infallibly affords
Something that cannot be conceal'd by Words ;
And Inconsistence will in Spight of Rule,
If it conceals *the K—e*, betray *the F—*.
Therefore to judge them Termagant and Mad,
Are the *best Natur'd things* that can be said ;
For he that can his *Native Country* curse,
If he is not Distracted, *must be worse*.

Soft Gentle P E A C E, *peculiar to thee*,
How mild, *how bloodless*, is thy Victory !

The Rebels that withstand thy Law,
Are only bound *from Harms*, and kept in Awe.
Their *Schemes* indeed are baulk'd, their Projects slain,
Their Persons all in Life remain,
Are safe in their Subjection to thy Name,
Only receive their Punishment *in Shame*.

G

Nor

Nor does the Gentle Conqu'ror only spare
 Her Rebels, but those Rebels *taste her Care*;
 Under her Soft and Gentle Shade,
 She keeps them happy that her *Realms Invade*;
 Prevents them only of that Harm
They'd do themselves, and with her Gentle Charm
 She lets them all her Subjects Blessings Share,
 And learns them thus the Difference of Peace and War.

VICTORIOUS PEACE, how happy are those Lands
 Where willing Princes bow to thy Commands !
 No Nations are *by far* so blest as they
 That seek to stoop to thy *Eternal Sway* ;
 Thy Kingdom Form, and thy Commands obey.
Britannia, yet a Stranger to thy Fame,
How does she Glory now she knows thy Name.
 In vain shall War remoter Empires pierce,
 And *Men of Terror* vex the Universe ;
 If thy blest Scepter Governs US at home,
 Nations *will here* to pay thee Tribute *come*;
The Wealth of all the World will round thee flow,
 And Empires to *Britannia's Scepter* bow.
 Nations *with Envy* shall our Safety see,
 While Britain's GLORIOUS QUEEN shall rule *by thee*,

CON-

CONCLUSION.

TO THE

QUEEN.

Hail, *Queen* of PEACE, the Nations best Defence,
 Terror of Crime, and Shade of Innocence;
 The Joy, the Pride, the Pleasure of the Land,
 Which You in Plenty guide, in PEACE command;
Calm as that Heaven whose Circle bounds the Eye,
 And *bright* from true *Celestial Majesty*.
 You Reign admir'd, the Helm with Glory steer,
 And give us PEACE amidst the Storms of War.

When we the Course of *England's Fate* review,
 We find no Monarch guided right *like you*;
 Your *Majesty* by Heavens securer Hand,
 Has learnt the *True Arcana* of Command,
 Your Ancestors by Policy or Power,
 Strove our *resign'd Subjection* to secure,
 And made th' Obedient Nation *tamely bear*
 Some Loads for *Quietness*, and some for *Fear*.

The Tottering Throne was *Canker like* maintain'd,
 By feeding on the Vitals of the Land ;
 The feeble Carcass of the Government,
 By Tyranny and wild Oppression rent,
 Dy'd of that *Hedtick Fever*, DISCONTENT. }

Reviv'd in You, its Resurrection shows,
 What Government to Application owes :
 How Justice calls a Nation from the Dead,
 And how the Body's influenc'd *by the Head* ?
They Rul'd by Politicks and studied Arts,
 But *You* have found *the Passage* to our Hearts.
 Despotick Rule can there no Grievance prove,
 For *Arbitrary Power's no Crime in Love*.
 M A D A M, this Title makes you absolute,
 Where *Love's the Bondage*, Subjects ne'er Dispute ;
 Prerogatives and Laws are Foreign things,
The Hearts of Subjects are the Strength of Kings.

Your Majesty when you Invite to P E A C E,
 Proves that you can, *Heaven Grant You due Success* ;
 Both *seek and understand* our Happiness. }

'Tis

'Tis *Peace* and *Union*, makes the Nation Thrive,
 Give Laws their Birth, and keeps those Laws alive ;
Union's the Nation's Life, and *Peace* the Soul,
Union preserves the parts, and *Peace* the whole ;
 'Tis *Peace* and *Union* that Support the Throne,
Union the Peoples Part, and *Peace* the Crown ;
 When Bodies Politick seem Sick and Dead,
Union revives the Members, *Peace* the Head ;
 The Sisters always *hand in hand* proceed,
UNION to fortifie, and *PEACE* to feed.

No Nation can our Happiness Invade,
UNION our Hearts secures, and *PEACE* our Trade ;
Religion shares the Blessing these procure,
This will Dissenters, *That* the Church secure ;
 And Christian Graces in Conjunction move,
PEACE, Charity procures ; and *UNION*, Love.
UNION is Freedom join'd to Government,
 And *PEACE* is Property in due Extent.

In every Article the Blessing's seen,
UNION's a Parliament, and *PEACE* the QUEEN :
 Where *PEACE* and *UNION* once a Land possess,
The Houses always Join, when they Address.

From . . .

From the same Cause, to the same End they move,
 They *aim at Safety*, and *commence* in Love ;
 The Constituted Parts make up one whole,
 Different in Body, but the same in Soul.
 UNION's your Lords and Commons hand in hand,
 Stating the steady Posture of the Land.
 P E A C E is the People's Joy, which they Express,
 Shouting a loud AMEN to that Address.
 UNION's your Living Spring, of Means and Ways,
 And P E A C E an unexhausted Fund of Praise ;
 UNION with hands up lift, seeks Aid from Heaven,
 And P E A C E returns with Thanks, for Aid that's given.
 UNION's a People, willingly in awe,
 And P E A C E a *Princess*, Governing by Law.
 UNION's a People, Join'd with just Assent,
 To bless their Maker for the Government ;
 P E A C E is a Prince, that Joys in that Success,
 Of which his People *all the Fruits* possess.
 Thus Princes, when they Invite a Land to P E A C E,
 Both seek and understand their Happiness.

M A D A M, when You our Party P E A C E propose,
 You Stab the Mighty Projects of your Foes ;
 Your Healing Words, as from your Lips they fall,
 Are Wounds struck deep, into their Party-Gall ;

But

But when you stoop to argue and persuade,
 Your Words like Darts, the very Soul invade;
 The moving Eloquence in Words of PEACE,
 When Princes Court their Peoples Happiness,
 Have something *so Unusual*, and so great,
 Such soft Impressions in the Soul Create;
 As leave no room to Speak, *but wonder at.*

PEACE like the Sun, when it draws near the Pole,
 This melts the *Frozen Zone*, and that the Soul;
 Mountains of Party-Feud and Rage give way,
 And fly from PEACE, as *Night absconds the Day*.
 The strange *Transforming Power* of PEACE appears,
 And while You Speak, You mould the Soul that hears:
 Thus MADAM, Heaven it self You imitate,
 And while You talk of PEACE, Your Words Create!
 Legions of Humane Devils Your Voice Transforms,
 And at one Word You laid three Nations Storms.

Even Satyr feels the Sov'raign Influence,
 Satyr provok'd, in Vertues just Defence;
 Engag'd with Devils and the Crimes of Men,
 Yet while I Write of PEACE, it Calms my Pen.

The

The Whips and Scorpions, *Madam*, thrown away,
 You call for PEACE, and *Satyr must Obey* ;
 What tho' with Injury and Crowds Oppress'd,
Unhappy only as by You Unblest'd ;
 Yet in his Breast he Crushes his Designs,
 And Writes for PEACE in *his Serenest Lines*.
 Your Majesty the Pen it self reforms,
 And makes him Write of PEACE, *that Lives in Storms*.
 Compass'd with Parties, and *the Rage of Men*,
 You Check the just Resentment of his Pen ;
 To Temper turns, and with the calmest Air,
 He Sings that PEACE, of which he reaps no share.

PEACE is the *Basis* of your Glorious Throne,
 And PEACE, the Brighest Jewel in your Crown,
 'Tis PEACE would make your Enemies Despair ;
 'Tis PEACE they more *than all your Armies* fear.
 UNION and PEACE, Compose the high Intent,
This th' End of Justice, that of Government ;
 Kings that to *any other purpose* Reign,
 The Sword they bear is always born in Vain,
 By differing ways your Government's secur'd,
 You by the Scepter Reign, and They the Sword.

The

*These we call Tyrants, tho' a King's the Name,
A Mask of Glory, on a Mock of Eame.*

YOUR MAJESTY, while You to *Peace* Encline,
Has made your Scepter really *Divine*;
Kings that like You, the Ends of Ruling know,
Are truly Sacred, Heaven Declares them so:
While Heaven and You the self same thing intend,
You Bless the Means, as You *pursue the End*.
The Royal Scepter which You timely bore.
And none e're *Grac'd that Royal Scepter* more:
So far's *Divine*, as by the High Decree,
The Means and End Join in Your Majesty;
For Crowns and Dignities are giv'n in Vain,
Where Kings for any End *but Justice* Reign;
Power thus concurs to General Happiness,
For Justice always ends in Calms and PEACE.

Suffer the Poet, M A D A M, to aspire,
And *bear the Blaze*, where You have rais'd the Fire;
Prophetick Ardour makes the strong Impress,
'Tis You gave Pinions to his Artless Verse,

H

Humble

Humble and Mean, he never us'd to soar,
And ne're could say, *he was Inspir'd before.*

That Secret Hand, that did your Thoughts incline,
For Heaven both mov'd the Act and the Design;
Has join'd *Your own*, to all your Peoples P E A C E.
And on *their* Blessings, rais'd *Your* Happiness;
Nor is this all, for Heaven ne're acts by Parts,
But forms at once his Empire in our Hearts.
That Hand that thus Your Soul to PEACE must move,
Will *ne're deny* the Peace *he made* You Love.
The Calm You move us to, *You'll feel within,*
There, MADAM Your Celestial Crowns *begin;*
Heaven there Anticipated You'll Enjoy,
That Peace must all Your meaner Joys Destroy;
The Satisfaction that *may there* be known,
Surpass the Envy'd Pleasures of Your Crown:
That Heaven has form'd You his Blest Instrument,
To Heal this *Heart-Sick Nation's* Discontent,
That all their Happiness comes handed down,
From *Him that gave*, by *You that wear* the Crown;

That

That Heaven reserv'd this Hour, till *You should Reign,*
 And Chose *You* from the Bright Descended Train;
 And suffer'd *WILLIAM's* self to aim at it *in Vain.*
 That he reserv'd the Glory and Success
 For *You*, whom he Delights and has resolv'd to Bless;
 What Transports *MADAM*, must possess your Mind!
 What Prospects of the Glories *still behind!*
 What *Wonders* Heaven has yet for *You* to do!
 What *vast Rewards* of Glory to bestow!
 No Pen the *soft Impressions* can Present,
 Numbers are vastly short, and *Language* faint;
 No *Simily* due Parallel affords,
 The Thoughts surpass *the Agency of Words*;
 The POET *that conceives it* can't rehearse,
 'Tis above *the Inspiration of his Verse*;
 The Wings of Fancy never soar'd so high,
 'Tis only Sacred to *YOUR MAJESTY.*

'Tis *You alone* can feel th' amazing Joy,
 Which like the Sun, does fainter Fires Destroy;
 No Heart *but Yours*, the Myst'ry can unfold,
 The Story must *be felt*, it can't *be Told.*

'Tis

*'Tis all Heaven, all that Heav'n Decree,
And only where that Heaven begins, it Ends.*

For P E A C E *within* is Heaven Anticipate,
And does Similitude to Heaven Create;
'Twill open that Bless'd P E A C E at once, and show
That Presence there, whose Glory makes it so.

'Twill Fire Your Soul with Beams of Sov'raign Grace,
And You'll grow Ripe, for Heavenly Crowns apace:
There in your Brightest Glory You'll appear,
And You that give us P E A C E, shall find it there.

F I N I S.



7

